

The Unconscious Sinner: By HAZEL DEYO BACHELOR

Cleo Ridgely is the type of girl who unconsciously leads a man to make love to her. When she refuses Dick Wheeler, he tries to commit suicide and is saved by his guardian, Carey Phelps. Carey, believing Cleo to be a heartless flirt, succeeds in meeting her and winning her heart. He persuades her to marry him secretly, and on their wedding night, in order to avoid Dick, he tells her he despises her. Cleo makes an attempt to run away, which he forestalls, and they start for Carey's cabin in the mountains. They arrive late at night and discover that some one is already in possession of the cabin. That some one turns out to be Dick Wheeler, who tries to make the best of a difficult situation.

A Desperate Appeal BEFORE Carey could answer Cleo's impetuous question, the man called Sam interrupted with some sage advice. "I don't see how you can do anything else but stay here overnight, Mr. Dick. There isn't a train out till 9 o'clock tomorrow."

"Of course you must stay," Carey said brusquely, "don't be a fool, Dick, old man." Cleo, who was watching both men narrowly, could not help noticing that Carey avoided Dick's eyes as he spoke. Dick's face had flushed a deep red, and he did not respond to Carey's remark, but, as Carey turned to the door to go out and help unload the baggage from the car, Dick stepped forward with the idea of scolding him.

Woman's Life and Love Two Minutes of Optimism

By WINNIFRED HARPER COOLEY Are You Nursing a Tiger's Cub? By HERMAN J. STICH

Have You a Little Boa Constrictor in Your Home? HERE is a charming and cultured woman who just loves to feel a nice, big python or a cute boa constrictor or twisted around her neck.

It's all in getting used to it, and shedding our ancient superstitions, according to Mrs. Estace, the African explorer. She draws the line at a poisonous snake, but she has no objection to a cobra or a rattlesnake. She says that she has seen a cobra and a rattlesnake in the wilds of Africa.

When a man begins to go down, he drops fast, faster and faster. He is like the falling ball of a falling body, it is cumulative; it creates its own momentum.

Struggling goes against the average man's grain; but many an average man gets away with it, and steals his chance to evade the law and escape its clutches; but all the while he is like the falling ball of a falling body, it is cumulative; it creates its own momentum.

Most of us are foolishly prejudiced and somehow never get up any enthusiasm over serpentine attractions. But this, doubtless, is an inhibition due to centuries of instruction as to the poisonous and indigestible nature of the snake.

It is a mistake to have a snake draped around you, with its little head resting right down in the hollow of your neck," declares Mrs. Estace. "Most of us are foolishly prejudiced and somehow never get up any enthusiasm over serpentine attractions. But this, doubtless, is an inhibition due to centuries of instruction as to the poisonous and indigestible nature of the snake."

And so we go on, asserting things that are not borne out by facts at all. We declare that women are modest, when—oh, boy, how you see the high skirts and low necks of the last season!

We insist that women are timid and terror of the sight of blood; yet wonderful work of the nurses in some during the ghastly World War is the best evidence to the contrary.

We say that ladies will tell you they are asked—begged—to marry. But ask Bernard Shaw and the modern novelists or any eligible bachelor and you will learn a few things.

WE URGE that women are tender and shrinking. But think of the hundreds of past and present, from Lady Macbeth and Lucretia Borgia to the amazing Madame Bessarabia and her daughter.

This Frenchwoman is said to have killed her first husband and put him in a trunk; then, having succeeded so well, to have murdered her second husband and fitted him into another trunk a few years later with the aid of her young daughter. The two women are lunch together, different parts connected with the murder and the disposal of the body. Truly some women are cool and without tenderness.

One does not wish to discredit the good qualities ascribed to our sex, presumably—but this scientific age it is well to be exact.

The truth seems to be that men and women are chiefly human beings. They have more similarities than differences. Some people are cold-blooded and severe and cruel, while others are tender and lovely. It is not a matter of sex, but of temperament.

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA He Stopped Calling on Her Dear Cynthia—I am twenty years of age and have known a young man for about three years. He loved me, but I tried my utmost to forget him. Within a year he started to get my attention by calling on me. Although I tried to avoid him, he finally succeeded in obtaining my permission to call.

There had been an understanding between us to marry next spring. Now he stopped calling some time ago and I am not sure of his reasons. Although I tried to avoid him, he finally succeeded in obtaining my permission to call.

Write him a note, asking definitely whether he still loves me. If he does not, do not let him know. Don't let him play with you this way. If he does not answer, do not let him know. Don't let him play with you this way. If he does not answer, do not let him know.

"E. J. S." is Lonesome, Too Dear Cynthia—Although I am a constant reader of your wonderful column, this is the first time I have written to it. I have read all the wonderful letters and am very satisfied with your column, and at last have decided to write one nice letter to one who is lonesome.

I am a young man who is lonesome, too, and would certainly wish to get acquainted with you. I am a constant reader of your wonderful column, and I have read all the wonderful letters and am very satisfied with your column, and at last have decided to write one nice letter to one who is lonesome.

Give me a good plain girl any day. Lonesome, Lonesome, I'd love to meet you. Write me your address, and how can two lonesome people like you and me meet? I am a constant reader of your wonderful column, and I have read all the wonderful letters and am very satisfied with your column, and at last have decided to write one nice letter to one who is lonesome.

He Has Never Been in Love Dear Cynthia—I have been a constant reader of your interesting column for more than a year, but have never taken the opportunity of writing you before. I am writing because I have a question for you to answer which has caused me a great deal of worry lately.

I am a young man nineteen years of age, who was graduated from high school about a year ago. My trouble, Cynthia, is that I have never met a girl whom I can call my girl. I have never taken the opportunity of writing you before. I am writing because I have a question for you to answer which has caused me a great deal of worry lately.

I am a person who firmly believes that for every man born there is one girl who is his girl. I would like to ask you, Cynthia, if you also think that way. I would like to know if you think that way. I would like to know if you think that way.

Why, of course, you will find The Girl some time. You have plenty of time to find her. You have plenty of time to find her. You have plenty of time to find her. You have plenty of time to find her.

Don't Read His Letters Dear Cynthia—I am a young lady of twenty-four. For one year I have been keeping company with a young man two years my senior. When I met him he was entirely different toward me than he is now.

Whether he loves you or not, my dear, you should not go to his office unless you have to go on business. And whether he is truthful or not, you have no right to read his personal letters. It is no wonder he often speaks of you getting married.

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They came, day after day, to stare in at the little group on the lawn, pressing their faces close up to the iron grating of the fence. Until at last one of the patients, with a whimsical turn of mind, spoke to them as they stood outside the bars.

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One by one they slunk away, apologetic smiles beginning to creep across their mouths as they caught the merry gleam in the Lady Patient's eyes. No doubt they talked loudly of other things to hide their embarrassment until they were separated for the night.

And no doubt each one told his family of a lady at the hospital who was a little off. WHAT fun you get out of life when you are in possession of a nature that can pull amusement out of any situation, however hard to bear.

Probably this was the first time the "animal-gazing" children had been challenged. Certainly it was the first time they had been shot with their own ammunition. So many convalescents, good-hearted, pure-minded, pliable souls, but it is revealing to see how they have capitulated to condescend to the level of the street urchins.

And so would have had to bear their gaze and endure their silent scrutiny for long, weary hours of the day. Children can stare longer and harder and more silently than any sight-given creature in the world!

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